

A.N.C.

JUMBO COMIC

No. 110
APRIL
10¢

For Chills
and Thrills -
**HOST
GALLERY**

52
Pages
FICTION HOUSE
MAGAZINES

SHEENA,
Queen of the Jungle,
in "Death Guards
the Congo Keep"



The BIG OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!

ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-1ST

Why
Guess?
Get the
best!

ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-1ST



ON SALE-5TH



ON SALE-10TH



LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!



A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

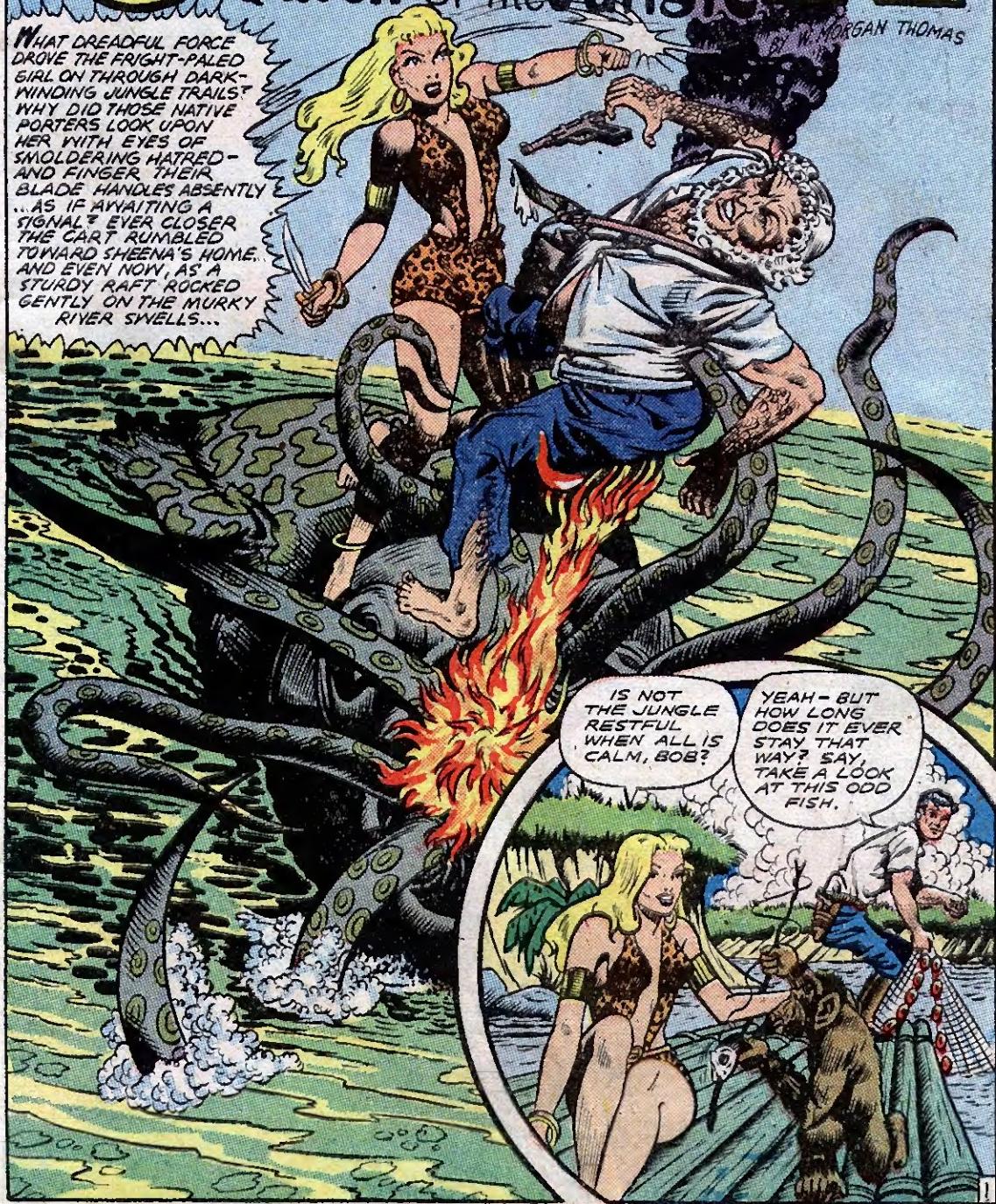
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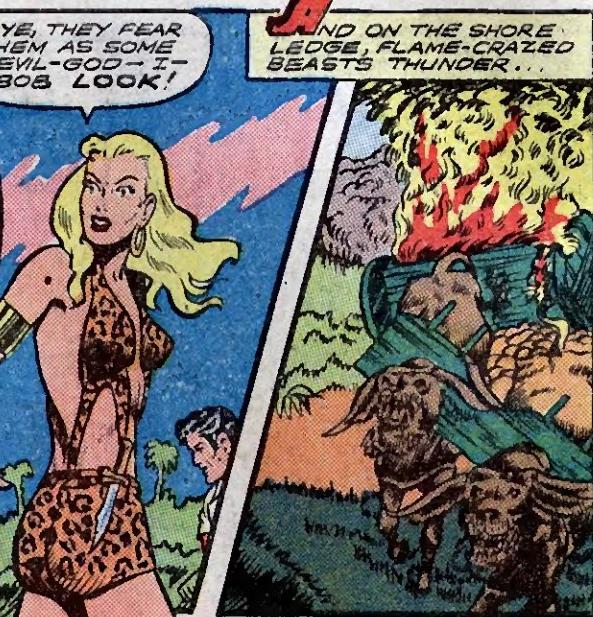
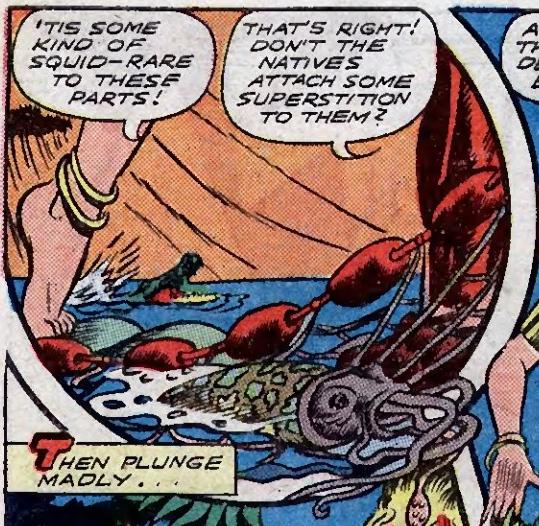
NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 111, MAY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND APRIL 1st.

SHEENA Queen of the Jungle

WHAT DREADFUL FORCE
DROVE THE FRIGHT-PALED
GIRL ON THROUGH DARK-
MINDING JUNGLE TRAILS?
WHY DID THOSE NATIVE
PORTERS LOOK UPON
HER WITH EYES OF
SMOLDERING HATRED -
AND FINGER THEIR
BLADE HANDLES ABSENTLY
...AS IF AWAITING A
SIGNAL EVER CLOSER
THE CART RUMBLED
TOWARD SHEENA'S HOME.
AND EVEN NOW, AS A
STURDY RAFT ROCKED
GENTLY ON THE MURKY
RIVER SWELLS...

BY W. MORGAN THOMAS







SOON, AT T'GOMA KRAAL...

THE ATTACK WAS DOOMED TO FAILURE, CHIEF M'KULI! 'TWAS AN ANGRY SHEENA WHO DROVE US OFF!

WAH! THE GODS OF OMEN FROWN UPON OUR DEED. WHY MUST WE CAPTURE THIS YOUNG GIRL, BWANA CARTER?

BECUSE, YOU FOOL, SHE HAS A MAP TO MY LOST ISLAND - AND IT MUST NOT BE DISCOVERED!

MAYOMBA! I TREMBLE AT THE EVIL YOU HIDE UPON YOUR ISLE! YET GREATER IS MY FEAR OF SHEENA!



BEHOLD THEN, M'KULI, THE SHADES OF DUSK FALL FAST. SOON, SOON SHALL THE ANGRY WATER BEAST ROAM THE LAKE - AND VENT ITS WRATH UPON YOU!



NAY, BWANA, NAY! I - I WILL CAPTURE THE GIRL!

W

ILE... DARKNESS BLOTS THE TRAIL - THESE DRINKS WILL REFRESH US BEFORE WE SLEEP!



TH - THANK YOU! LET THEM COOL A MINUTE. I THINK BOB IS CALLING YOU!



NOW! WHILE SHE TURNS HER BACK - YES, IT'S YOU WHO'LL SLEEP, AND WELL! I'VE LED YOU ON THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE LONG ENOUGH - THERE!

M

INUTES LATER...

IT HAS COOLED. WE CAN DRINK.

PSST! CHIM, YOU RASCAL! COME HERE WITH THAT! COME HERE I SAY!

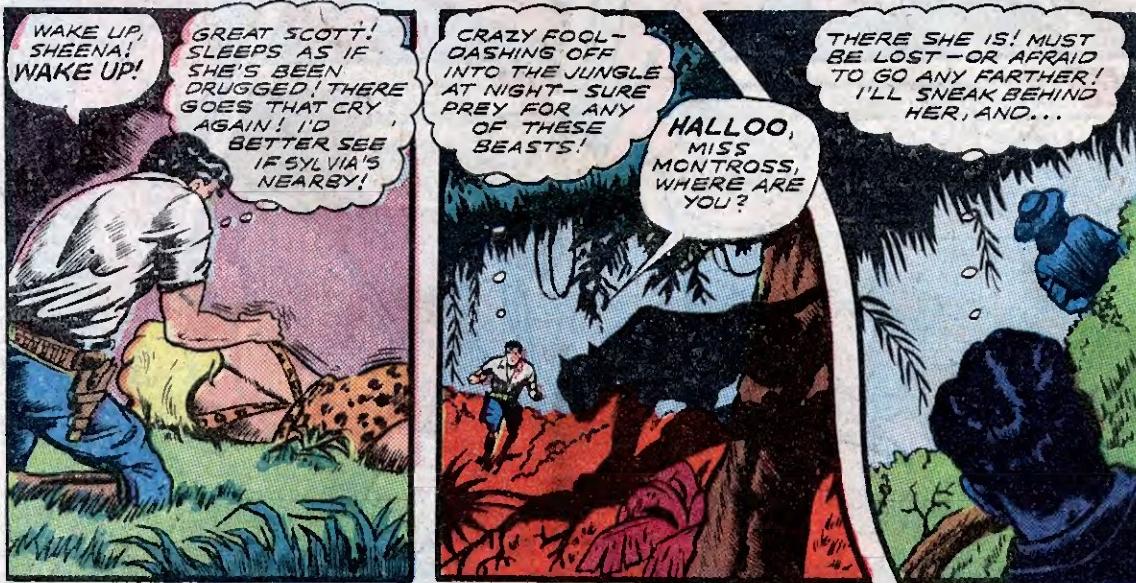
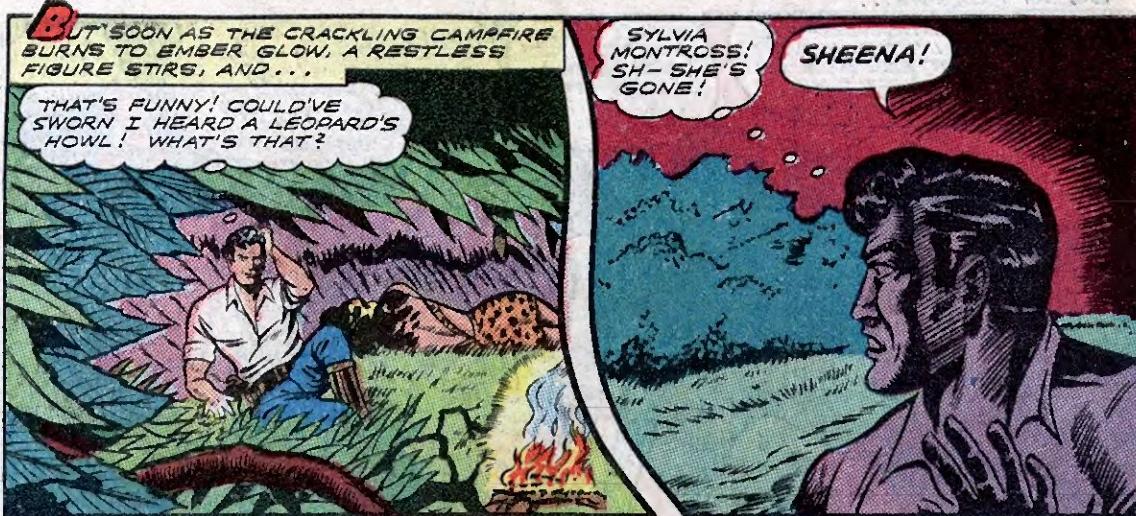


CHEE!

LITTLE IMP - HE DRAINED THE CUP! OH, WELL, I WON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT. HE PROBABLY NEEDED IT MORE THAN I DO! HO-HUM! GUESS I'LL TURN IN...



CHEE! CHEE!



NEXT MORNING...

HO! THAT IS STRANGE - THE SUN IS HIGH IN THE HEAVEN, YET I DO NOT SEE BOB OR THE GIRL! I MUST FIND THE DUGOUTS...

WHAT! ONE SMASHED! THE OTHER GONE! I BEGIN TO SUSPECT A PLOT...

THOSE NATIVES WHO ATTACKED HER WERE FROM T'GOMA! PERHAPS SHE WAS HEADED FOR THERE, WE WILL DISCOVER THAT AT T'GOMA!

COME, CHIM!



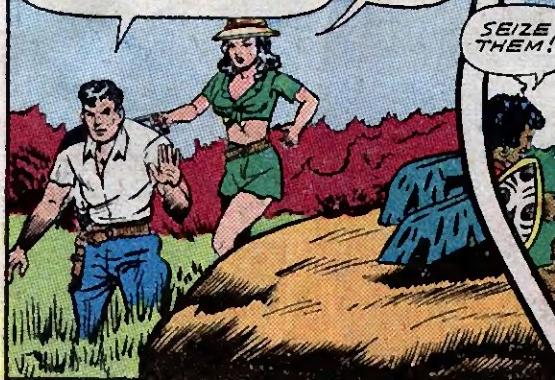
WHILE...

YOU, HOLD THE CARDS, SIS! THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO BY DUGOUT. T'GOMA'S JUST AHEAD! WAIT - THOSE SOUNDS...

NO TRICKS! KEEP MOVING!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT! WE'VE WALKED INTO AN AMBUSH!



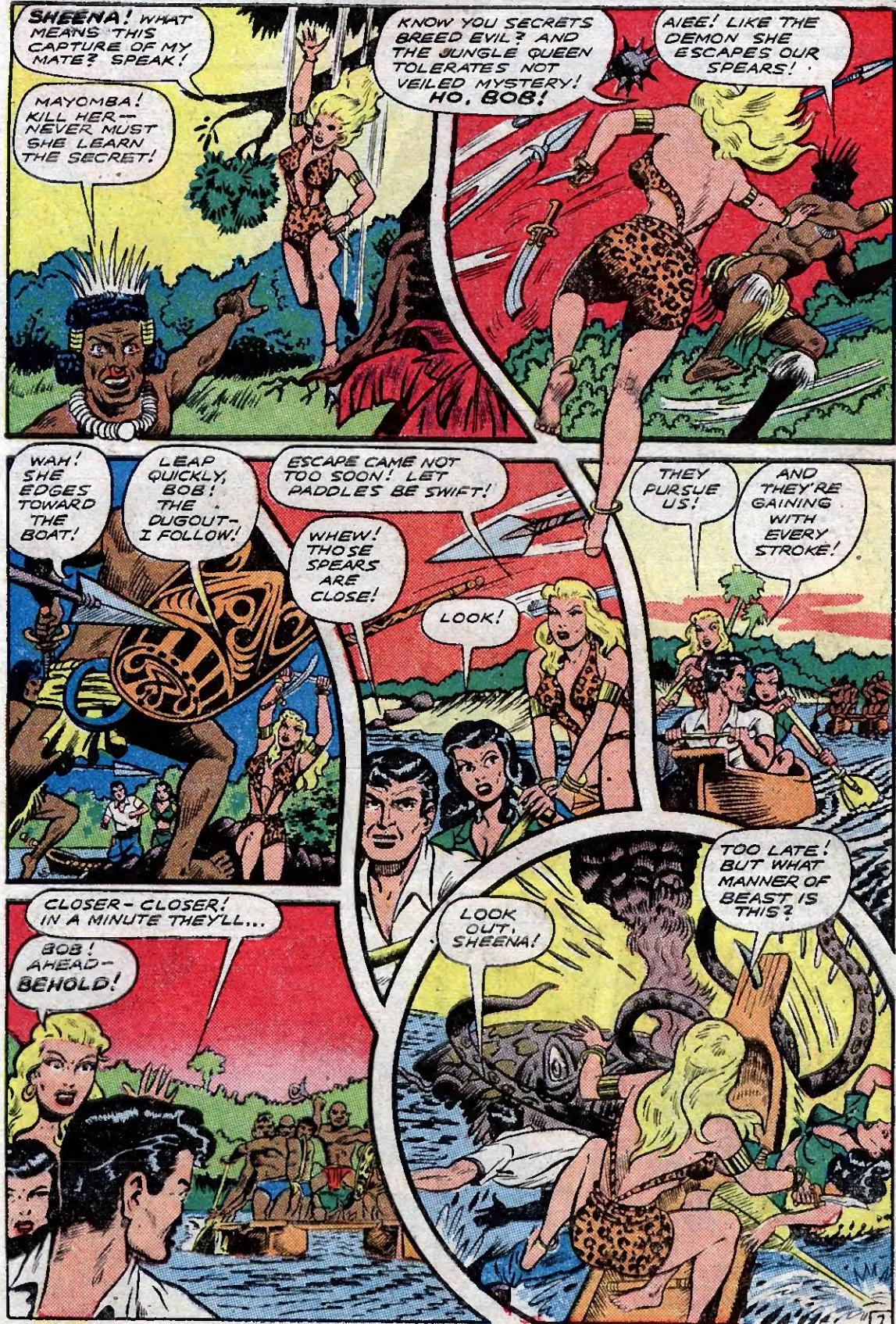
HEY! LET GO, FOOLS! SHEENA WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS!

SILENCE! SHEENA'S POWER NOT SO GREAT AS WATER BEAST'S! BRING THEM TO THE LAKE!



THAT FERRY SHALL TAKE YOU TO THE ISLE OF LOST MEN - FROM WHICH NONE RETURN, EVER! BUT WHAT SLITHERS IN YONDER TREE?





WAH! THE JUNGLE QUEEN HAS MET HER DOOM! SAVE THE OTHERS, QUICKLY!

SAFE FOR THE MOMENT - AND THEY SEE ME NOT. BUT THIS BEAST MOVES...

AIEE! PAODE SWIFTLY! THE GREAT MONSTER TURNS UPON US!

GOOD THING WE SAW THIS FROM THE ISLE! KNIFE FORWARD, HURRY!

LOOK OUT, SYLVIA! SAY, THAT THING LOOKS FUNNY!

QUICKLY, GET HIM ABOARD BEFORE HE GETS WISE!

SOON, AS THE LITTLE BAND REACH THE ISLAND'S DOCK...

WELCOME, FOLKS! WELCOME TO THE ISLE OF LOST MEN! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, MISS MONTROSS!

THEN YOU'RE BRAD CARTER. I'VE COME TO GET MY FATHER!

PLEASE FREE HIM! HERE - TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR HIS RELEASE! THREE TIMES AS MUCH AS HE PAID TO GET IN HERE.

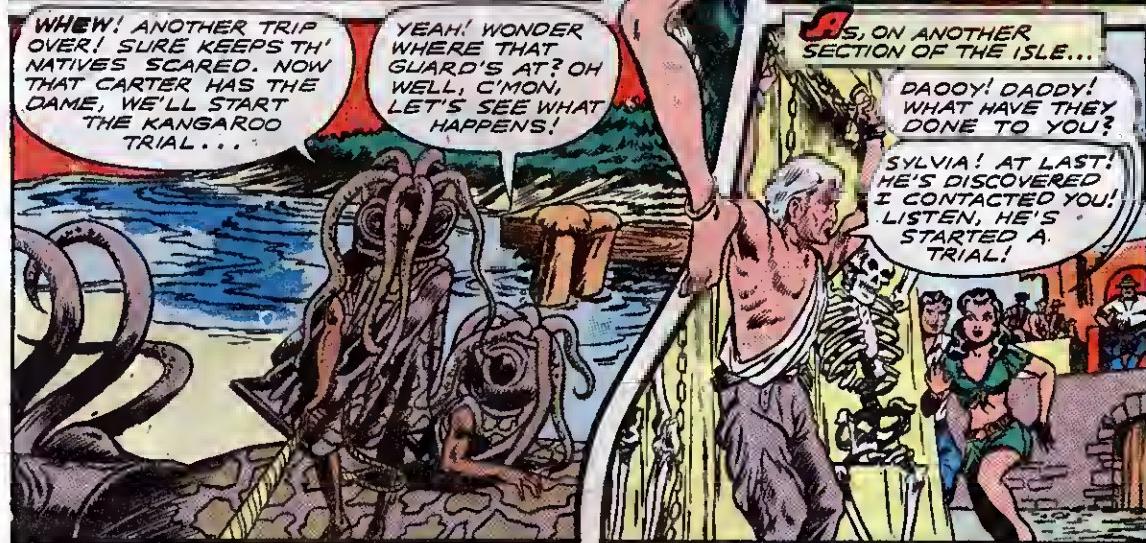
SURE - SURE! GIVE IT TO ME!

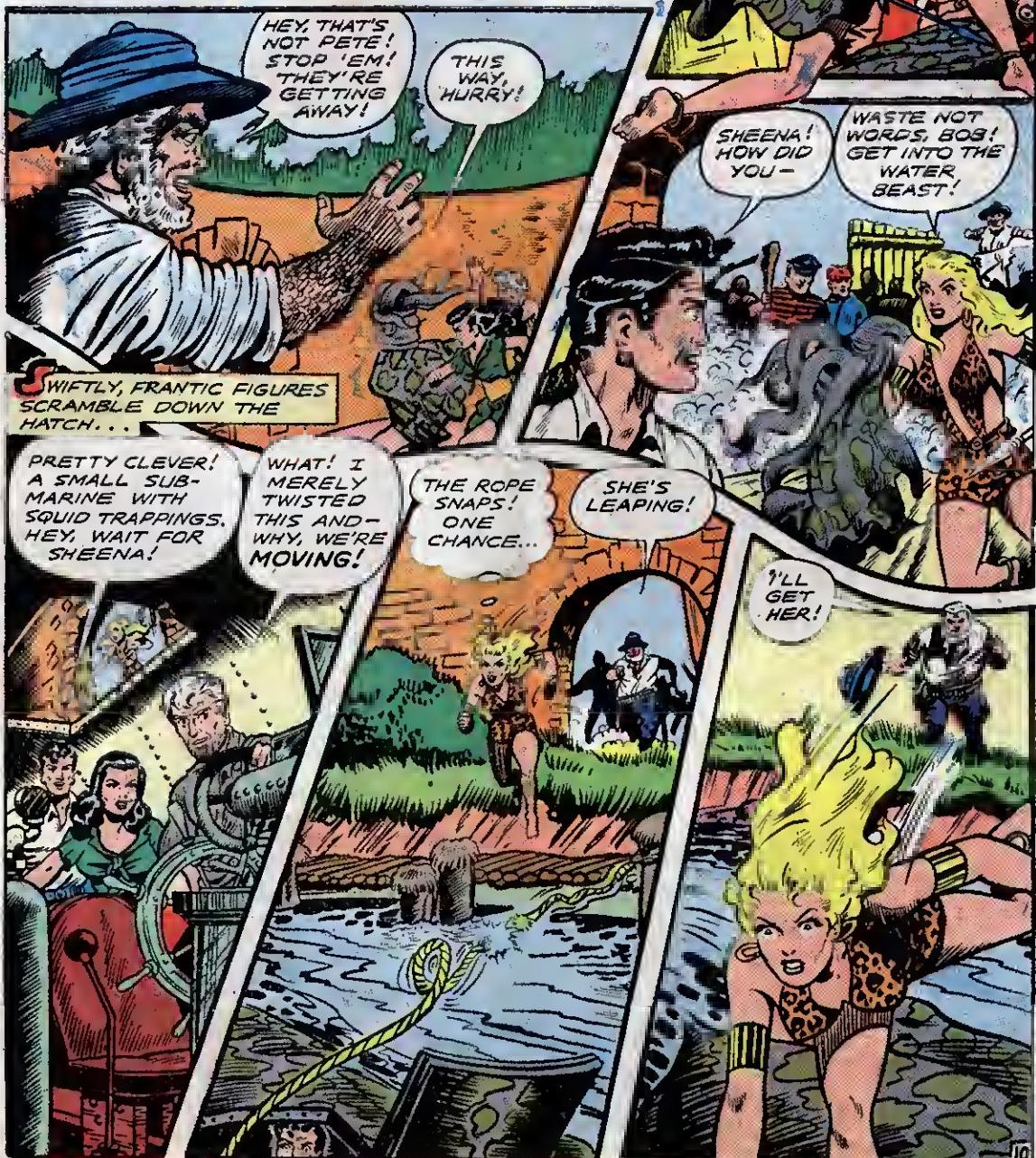
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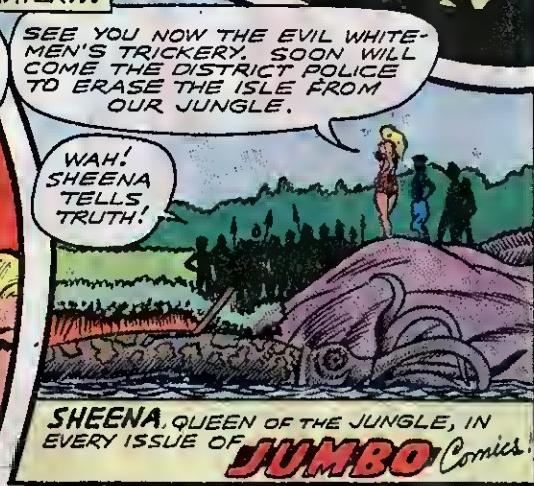
CHEE! SHH, CHIM! THIS INLET MAY BE THE SOLUTION TO THIS ISLE OF MYSTERY!

SWIFT WHISPERED ORDERS TO FAITHFUL CHIM, AND SOON...

WHAT! THOUGHT I HEARD A SOUND!







The Hawk

LISTEN TO THE
DEAD MAN'S DRUM...
IT'S LOW DIRGE-LIKE
CADENCE ECHOING O'ER
THE WAVES... CALLING
THE HAWK TO A
PIRATE COVE FROM AN
ADMIRALTY OFFICE HIGH
ABOVE WINGATE PRISON...

BY WILLIS RENSIE



IN THESE
WATERS THE
LOOTINGS
OCCURRED,
CAPTAIN HAWK.

THERE CAN
BE NO DOUBT
THE PIRATES
HAVE BANDED
INTO A
CONGRESS,
LORD
RAMSEY.

TRUE-AND
'TWOULD TAKE
A FLEET TO
BLAST THEM,
WERE THEIR
HIDEOUT HERE
IN HORSESHOE
COVE.

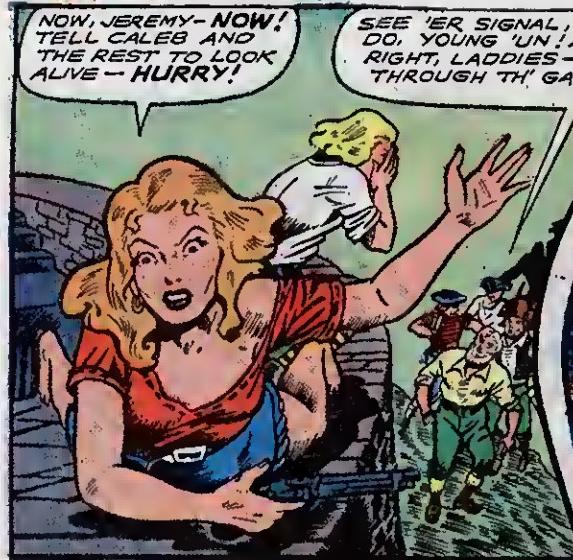
PERHAPS
WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT, SIR.
'TIS NIGH ON-
TO THE HOUR...

A

S BELOW...



WHILE, WATCHING...



AYE, SIR, A MEMBER O' TH' CONGRESS O' THAT DEVIL RACK, I WAS... SAILED ON TH' DAWN RAIDER O' CAP'N CARR, DEAD THESE PAST MONTHS - REST IS SOUL. ONE DAY W'EN WE'D RETURNED FROM A PLUNDER...

A THIRD TO YOUR DAWN RAIDER THIS TIME, CARR - TH' REST GOES 'MONGST TH' CONGRESS!

BUT ME CREW FOUGHT FER THIS LOOT, CAP'N RACK - 'ALF AN' 'ALF 'AVE BEEN TH' SHARES A-FORE THIS!



ODD'S BLOOD, I'M IN COMMAND O' THIS LOOT, AN' ME WORD'S NOT TO BE QUESTIONED! DRAW, CURSE YE!

'TIS NO LIKIN' FER THIS, I AVE, CAP'N RACK...

BUT - BY KIDD'S BONES! DEFEND TH' RIGHTS O' ME MATES, I WILL!

YE BILGE RAT - WOT CHANCE D'YE HAVE AG'IN CAP'N RACK?

GOR BLIMEY! E'S RUN TH' SKIPPER THROUGH!

PERCHANCE IS GHOSTLL COME TO DEFEND YER RIGHTS, BUCKOES!

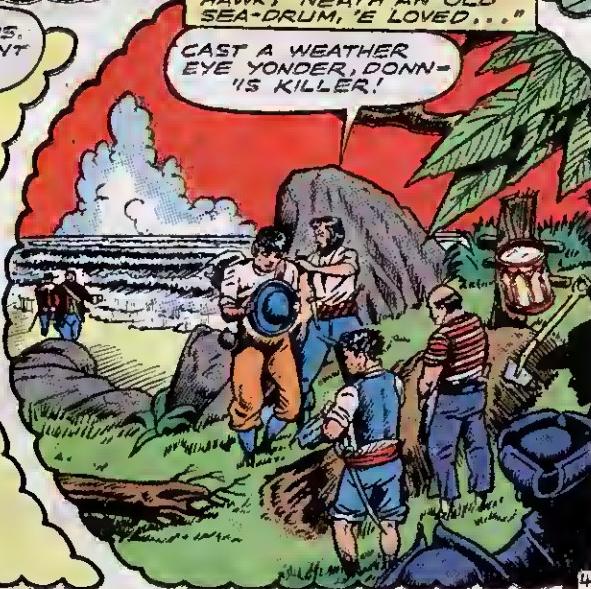


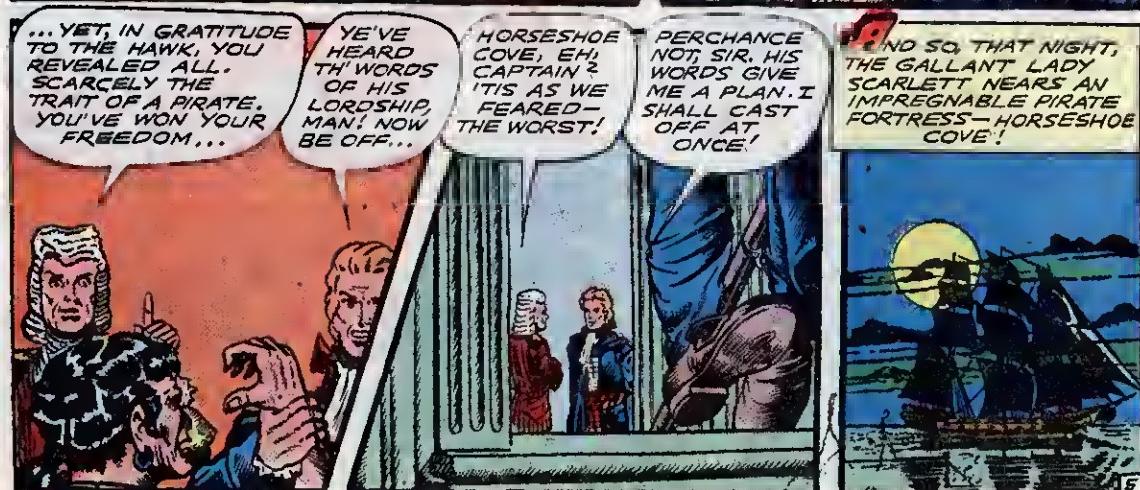
YER MANGY LOT'LL NOT SEE TH' YEAR DONE, CURSE YOU, RACK! I - I'LL GET YE - IF I 'AVE TO RETURN FROM TH' GRAVE! I - I SWEAR IT! OOOH...

E'S DONE, LADS. COME - A DECENT BURIAL...

BURY 'IM, WE DID, CAP'N HAWK, 'NEATH AN OLD SEA-DRUM, 'E LOVED...

CAST A WEATHER EYE YONDER, DONN - 'IS KILLER!





A'S AHEAD...



M

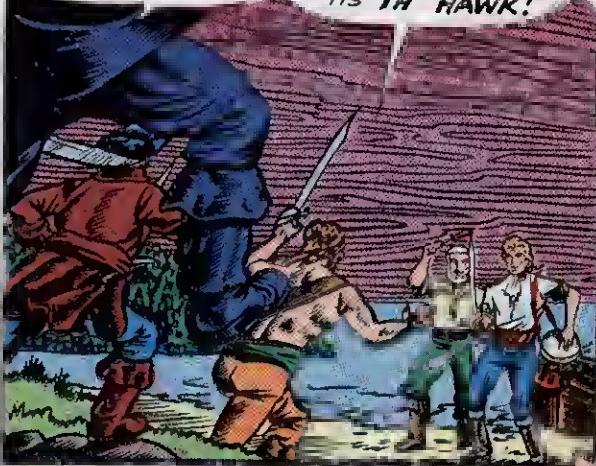
MEANWHILE...

INTO TH' SNOOPIN'
BARNACLES, BUCKOES!
WE'LL DRINK THEIR
BLOOD!

METHUSELAH - ME
EYES TELL FALSE!
BUT NO... AHoy -
AHoy at th' GUNS!
'TIS TH' HAWK!

QUICKLY, CALEB!
STRIKE QUICKLY,
FORE THEY ROUSE
TH REST O'RACK'S
CUTTHROATS!

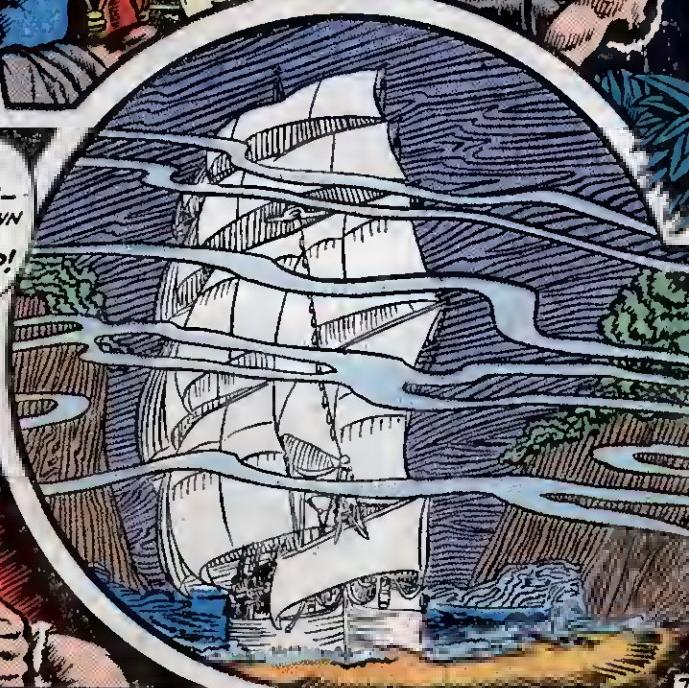
HELP!
HELP -
A-A-A-A...



A
AS NEARBY...

AYE... "WAT 'IS DRUM TO CALL YE," RACK SCOFFED. AN' THEM ABOARD TH' RAIDER SED. 'WEN 'IS DRUM SOUNDS, WE'LL BE BACK... WE'LL BE BACK!"

STOW IT, YE FOOL - LISSEN!



BY KIDD'S BONES!
A DEAD MAN'S VOW
COME TRUE!

AHOY-AHOY,
CAP'N RACK!
'TIS TH'DAWN
RAIDER
RETURNED!

GLORY... LIKE SATAN'S PITCHFORK WAS
AGAINST THEIR STERN... MY PLAN'S
WORKIN'... THIS'LL STILL THEIR GUNS-
AN' LISSEN. VOICES ON TH' GHOST
CRAFT...



NOW,
FLUTH?

NOW, LADDIES - THEIR
BUNKHOUSE YONDER'S
YER TARGET! SEE ER
LIGHTS? A BROADSIDE.

THEN...

TO TH' CANNON
SPRIGHTLY, YE
COWARDLY FOOLS!
'TIS NOT TH'DAWN
RAIDER - HAWK!

I'LL HAVE YER HEAD! AHOY
AT TH' GUNS - WHY D'YE
NOT BLAST THAT TUB?

SOME RAPSCALLION
SPILLED WATER
O'ER THEIR POWDER,
RACK!

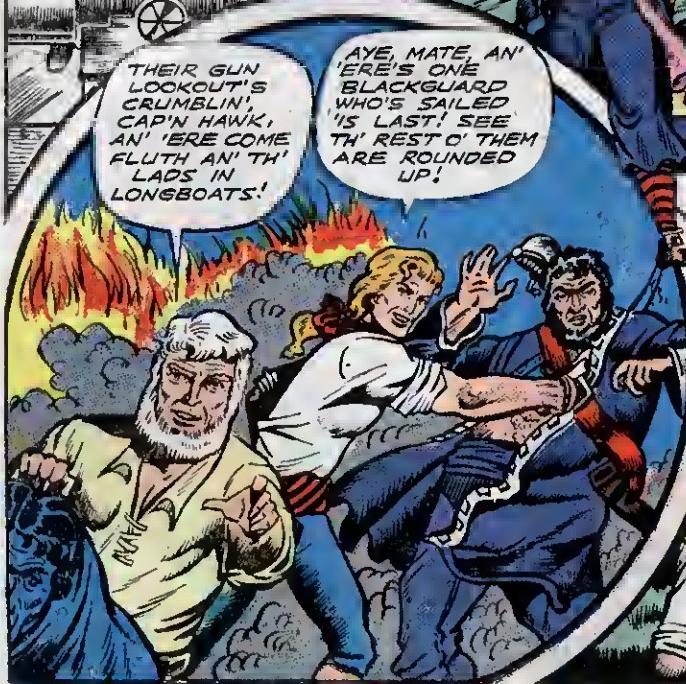


THEIR GUN
LOOKOUT'S CRUMBLIN',
CAP'N HAWK,
AN' 'ERE COME
FLUTH AN' TH'
LAOS IN
LONGBOATS!

AYE, MATE, AN'
'ERE'S ONE
BLACKGUARD
WHO'S SAILED
'IS LAST! SEE
TH'REST O'THEM
ARE ROUNDED
UP!

SWIFTLY...
BLIMEY, SKIPPER -
WE'LL HAVE MANY
A PASSENGER
SAILIN' FOR WIN-
GATE PRISON.

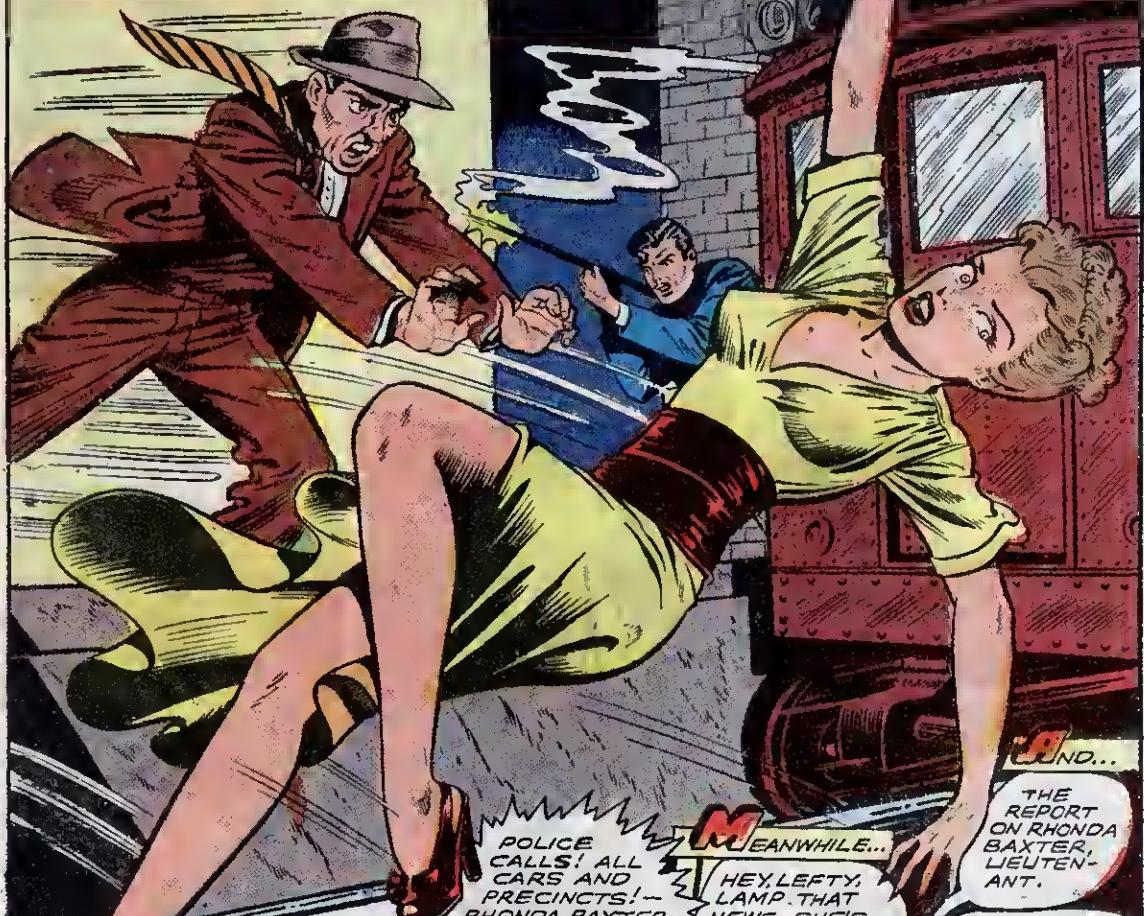
METHINKS
THEY'LL WORK
THEIR PASSAGE,
VELVET, LASS.
THEY KIN START
SCRUBBIN' FLOUR
AN' WHITE PAINT
OFF TH'LADY
SCARLETT!



NEW ADVENTURES OF THE
HAWK IN **JUMBO**,
COMICS EVERY MONTH!

ZX-5

BY
MAJOR
THORPE



THREE YEARS AGO RHONDA BAXTER THREATENED ME - AND THE DAY SHE WAS RELEASED, CAME THE FUNNY PHONE CALL: "HI, SNOOP! BE IN YOUR OFFICE AT NINE P.M. MEbbe I can steer a nice fat fee your way!" PAUSE - THEN I chirped: "WHISTLE THAT TUNE AGAIN - AND WHAT'S THE HANDLE?" A CLICK, THEN THE MALE VOICE: "LITTLE BO PEEP!" AND THE LINE WENT DEAD. I. WAS SUSPICIOUS, BUT LATER..."

POLICE CALLS! ALL CARS AND PRECINCTS! - RHONDA BAXTER, INVOLVED IN A JEWEL HEIST THREE YEARS AGO, BEING RELEASED FROM PRISON TONIGHT!

HMM... THAT PHONE CALL - WONDER IF SHE'LL MAKE GOOD ON THAT THREAT?

MEANWHILE... HEY, LEFTY, LAMP THAT NEWS - SHE'S GETTIN' OUTTA STIR -

YEH, I REMEMBER! BOTH HER PALS GOT THE CHAIR. BOSS'LL WANT US FOR THIS! C'MON!

THE REPORT ON RHONDA BAXTER, LIEUTENANT.

YES - RELEASED TONIGHT! NO ONE EVER DID FINO OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ICE SHE AND HER PALS LIFTED. WHY, EVERY CROOK IN TOWN'LL BE AFTER HER!



LATER...

WHATTA Y'KNOW! THE
BAXTER DAME FREE—
MAYBE I'LL HAVE A
CHIN WITH THE BOSS...
OH—HERE, YA BUM—
WHY DON'T YOU GET
BY A SUBWAY?

TH—
THANK
YOU,
SIR!

CHEAP MUG! ONLY
A NEWSPAPER, BUT
MAYBE I'LL TAKE HIS
ADVICE, LATER!
MENTIONED RHONDA
BAXTER—EVERY-
ONE'S INTERESTED
IN HER...I WONDER...
HMM...

AND AT THE CITY PRISON
DOCTOR'S OFFICE . . .

PHYSICALLY
PERFECT,
RHONDA
BAXTER—
STAY THAT
WAY, NOW
THAT
YOU'RE
FREE.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
DOCTOR
RIGNEY?

Blade
MYSTERY STILL SURVIVES
MISSING GEMS...
DOES RHONDA BA
DOES RHONDA BA
DOES RHONDA BA
DOES RHONDA BA

I MEAN BEING SOLE HEIR TO
THOSE HIDDEN GEMS, ISN'T
EXACTLY HEALTHY. BUT
GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS—BUT I
CAN TAKE CARE OF
YOURS TRULY, DOC!
SO LONG!

"AT EXACTLY NINE
P.M., A BIG BLACK CAR
STOPPED OUTSIDE MY
OFFICE— AND A FURTIVE-
LOOKING BOZO MADE A
BEE-LINE FOR THE
BUILDING..."

HO-HUM—AN
OTHER JOB!
WONDER WHAT
THE BOSS HAS
UP HIS
SLEEVE?

"HE DUSTED MY OFFICE DOOR
SHARPLY WITH HIS RIGHT HOOK..."

FUNNY SET-UP! HAD ME
ARRANGE THIS— THEN HE
SHOVES OUT ON A MYS-
TERIOUS PROWL!

OPEN UP!
I'VE AN
APPOINT-
MENT!

DOOR'S
OPEN!
WHO IS
IT?

ZX-5
PRIV
INVEST

LITTLE BO PEEP!
SLEEP TIGHT, GUM-
SHOE!



SOON...

ALL RIGHT, SLEEPER—GET THAT STUFF READY. I'LL BE RIGHT IN! LEFTY, TELL THAT KILLER, BO PEEP, TO COME IN! HE'S BACK.

RIGHT, BOSS!

OKAY, BO PEEP, ANKLE IN. TH' BOSS WANTS TO SEE YA! DID YA BUMP ZX?

SCRAM, BUM! YA WANT ME, BOSS? HUH?

YES, GOOO JOB, BO PEEP! I NEED A MAN LIKE YOU STEADY, SEE? AND I'M GOIN' TO LET YOU IN ON SOME-THIN' BIG. REMEMBER RHONDA BAXTER?

YEAH—WHAT ABOUT 'ER?

WELL, MEET HER! SHE'S GOING TO TELL US WHERE THOSE GEMS ARE—AREN'T YOU, DEAR?

WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S THAT?

TRUTH SERUM! ONE SHOT OF THIS AND YOU'LL TELL POPPA WHERE THOSE JEWELS ARE!



C'MON, SISTER, GIVE! I'M TIRED O' FOOLING WITH YOU!

OH—NO! HELP ME, SOMEBODY! PLEASE HELP ME!

"THE BAXTER MUFFIN'S VOICE SOUNDED LIKE SHE MIGHT BE LEVEL. SUDDENLY, I CUT THE FALSE-FACE ACT..."

MY ONLY CHANCE—THE LIGHT...

DROP THAT STICKER, YOU SLAB-SIDED TOAD!

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT BO PEEP! HEY, BOYS!



M

MEANWHILE...

WHY THE
SOCIAL
VISIT TO
ZX-5'S
LIEUTENANT?

THAT BAXTER
DAME - LEFT
THE PRISON
DOC'S OFFICE,
AND HAS BEEN
MISSING EVER
SINCE.

I WANNA MAKE SURE
SHE DIDN'T STOP OFF
HERE FIRST - TO GET
EVEN WITH THIS
PRIVATE PRY! OPEN
UP, ZX!

HEY - THIS LOOKS LIKE A
SEVERE CASE OF KILLERY!
GIVE 'IM A ONCE-OVER,
SERGEANT, WHILE I TAKE
A GANDER AT THAT NOTE!

DOOR'S
OPEN!
WHO IS
IT?

R-X-5
FEDERAL
INVESTIGATOR

SAY, LIEUTENANT -
THIS BIRD'S NOT
DEAD! AND IT'S
NOT ZX-5!!

WHAT TH' DEUCE!
LISTEN TO THIS:
"LITTLE BO PEEP HAS
LOST HER SHEEP - BUT
I KNOW WHERE TO FIND
'EM!" SIGNED - ZX-5.

I GET IT! THAT RECORD
PLAYS WHEN ANYONE RAPS
THE DOOR - AND THIS GUY,
KILLER BO PEEP, ATTEMPTED
BUMPERY ON ZX - BUT ZX
PULLED A SWITCH ON HIM!
MUST TIE IN WITH THOSE
MISSING GEMS! BUT HOW?

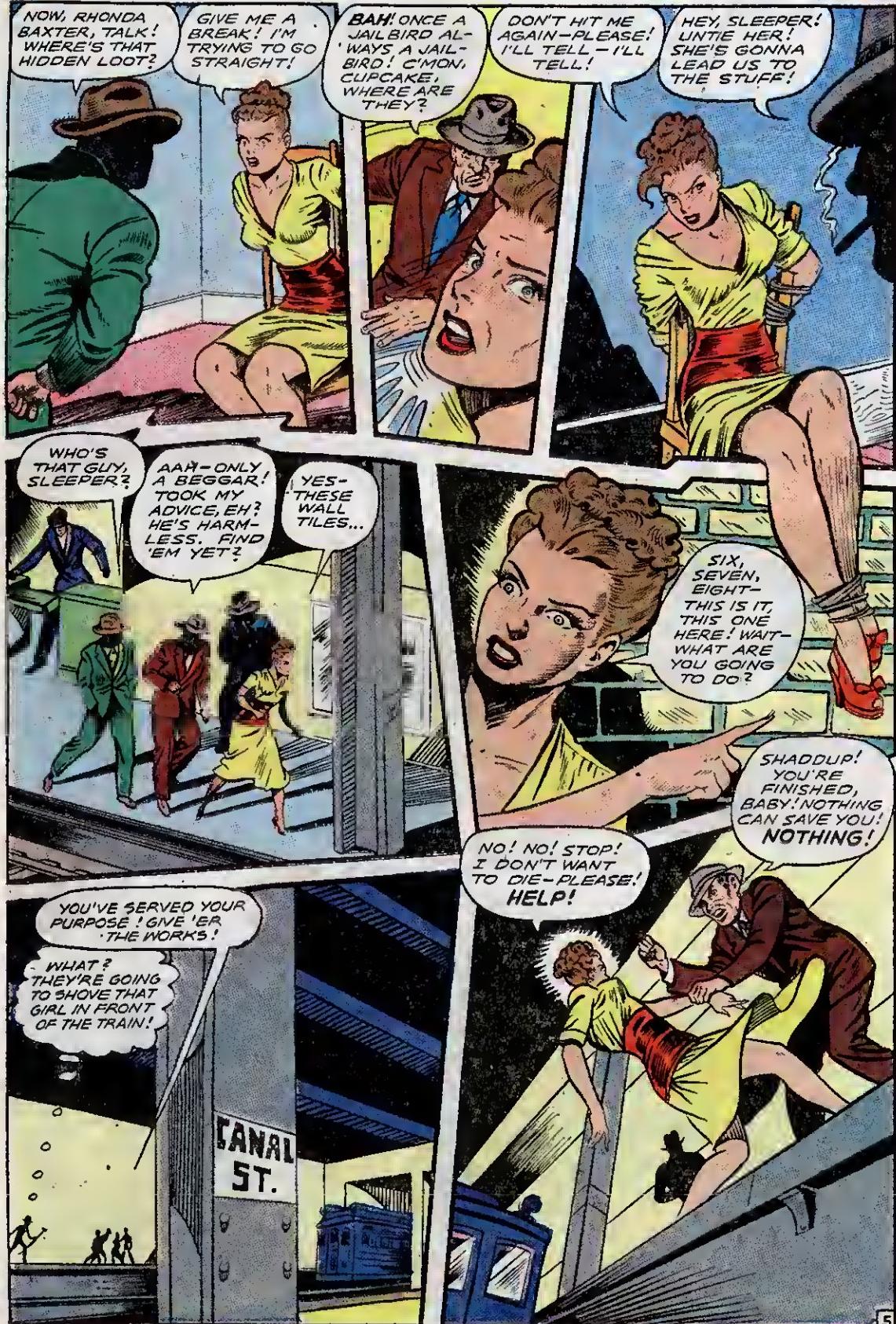
M
MEANWHILE, I HAD MY HOOKS
BALLED FOR ACTION, BUT THOSE
GUN-DUMMIES COULD FIGHT...

TOO MANY! I
BETTER DO A
POWDER-FAST!

LOOK OUT, SLEEPER,
HE'S TWISTIN' FER
THE DOOR!

"I STARTED A BUNION
PARADE OUT THE DOOR -
THEY HAD THEIR ROSCOES
OUT AND I KEPT WEAVING
OUT LIKE A WOUNDED GOAT..."

LATER...

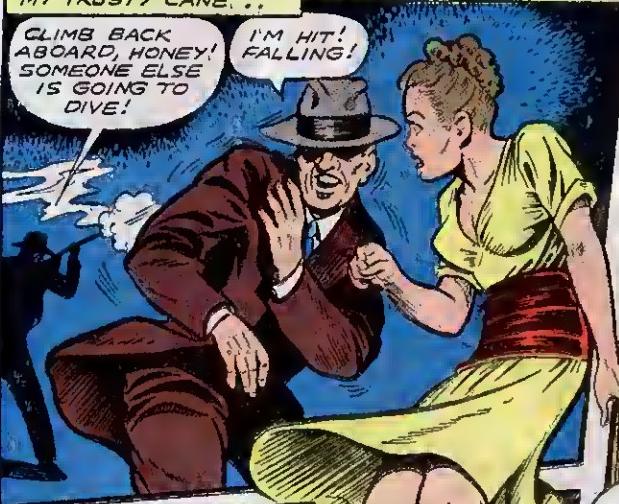


"THE JIG WAS UP. IT WAS NOW OR NEVER! I DROPPED THE FALSE WHISKER ACT, AND LEVELED MY TRUSTY CANE . . ."

CLIMB BACK ABOARD, HONEY! SOMEONE ELSE IS GOING TO DIVE!

I'M HIT! FALLING!

NO! THE TRAIN WHEELS WILL CRUSH ME— AAAHH!



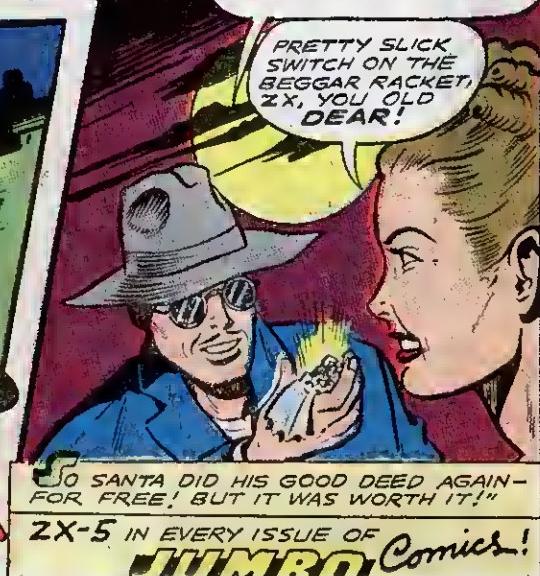
"THE TRAIN GROUNDED TO A STOP—BUT TOO LATE! I WHIRLED, AND GAVE THIS BOZO THE SNEERING FOCUS . . ."

DOCTOR RIGNEY, OF STATE PRISON, I PRESUME! GET MOVING!

RIGNEY WAS ABOUT TO LOSE HIS JOB AND LICENSE. HE GOT WIND OF THE RHONDA BAXTER LEGEND—that is, HIDDEN LOOT—and DECIDED TO CUT HIMSELF IN. BUT, INSTEAD, HE CUT HIMSELF A LONG SENTENCE . . . WHERE? ODD, ISN'T IT? STATE PRISON—ONLY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARS! SOON . . ."

IT'S ALL OVER, BUT WHERE ARE THE JEWELS? WE NEVER DID LOCATE THEM.

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW! RIGNEY TOOK THEM FROM THE HIDING PLACE. I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM!



ZX-5 IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

SKY GIRL

BY
BILL
GIBSON

CRUNCHY

CORN



YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T TRIED CRUNCHY CORN? WELL, YOU PROBABLY WON'T, AT LEAST NOT IN A CERTAIN AIRPORT CAFETERIA WHERE MAN-MAD MAGUIRE-GINGER, (IF SHE HAD A FRIEND)—WORKS AS A WAITRESS...

EACH ONE A PRIZE PACKAGE. SURE, THE CUTEST LITTLE CASE OF PTOMAINE POISONING EVER...

TO THINK THE BOSS WANTS ME TO LAOLE THAT STUFF OFF ON THE POOR UNSUSPECTING— SAY! WHAT TH—! WHO TH—! I'M SEEING THINGS!

GET THAT MONSTER OUT OF HERE, MISTER! QUICK, BEFORE HE KILLS SOMEBODY!



RELAX, WILL YUH, MISS MAGUIRE? THIS IS TIM, TH' TIMIO CAVEMAN. HE'S SCARED OF GIRLS, TH'DARK, AND PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING, AIN'TCHA, TIM? SPEAK UP, NO-BOOY'S GONNA BITE YUH!



Y'SEE, MISS, WE'RE GONNA SNAP A PIC FOR TH' NEW CRUNCHY CORN AD, AN' WANT YOU TO BE TH' CAVE GIRL.

WHAT! ME POSE WITH THAT GORILLA FOR THE GREAT CRUNCHY CORN SWINOLE? I SHOULD SAY NOT! I WILL SAY IT - NO!



YES! THEY'RE CHARTERING OUR PLANE TO TAKE MODEL AND PHOTOGRAPHER TO LOCATION! IT'S WAITING AND SO IS THE PILOT, PETER P. PROFILE.

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, GEE. DID I SAY NO, BOSS? REALLY, I THINK CRUNCHY CORN IS - WELL - CRUNCHY! AND I WOULDN'T THINK OF KEEPING MR. PROFILE WAITING.



PETER IS SO MUCH MORE WELL-FRIENDLY. AND I JUST LOVE FLYING, DON'T YOU, PETER?

I FIND IT EXTREMELY PROFITABLE, MISS MAGUIRE.

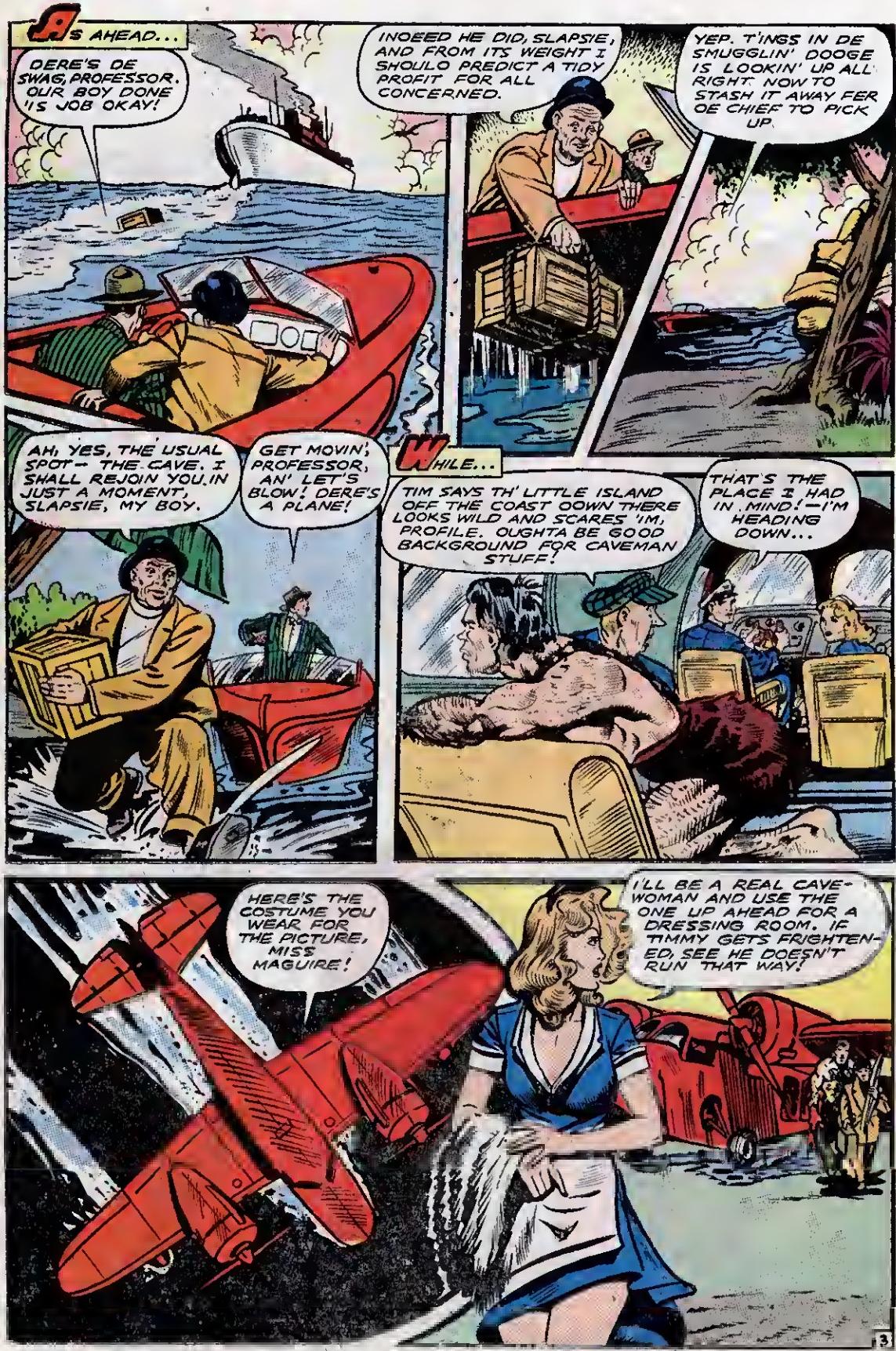


CALL ME GINGER, PETER. I MEAN I JUST LOVE FLYING UP HERE WITH - I MEAN UP FRONT HERE. YOU DON'T MIND?

NO, I DON'T MIND-(ER)-GINGER!



GOLLY! HE DOESN'T MIND... HE LIKES ME... AT LAST OL' GINGE HAS GOT A GUY... AND WHAT A GUY!



GEE, ROUGH GOING, BUT WORTH IT TO WOW PETER P. PROFILE WITH THIS EARLY-DAY SARONG. AND WHEN HOLLYWOOD SEES IT—LOOK OUT, LAMOUR.

YES, PETER, OF COURSE I COULD GET MY HUSBAND A SCREEN TEST... GEE—THIS IS A SPOOKY PLACE... PROBABLY NOBODY HERE IN YEARS—A MILLION MAYBE...

AND WHEN GINGER THINKS OF A MILLION... WELL, PETER DID SAY HE FINDS FLYING VERY PROFITABLE... I CAN GIVE UP MY FILM CAREER—SAY! CAVEWOMEN DIDN'T MAKE BOXES LIKE THAT, I DON'T THINK!



JEOPERS! JEWELS—JEWELRY! I'LL BET IT'S—IT'S SMUGGLERS' LOOT! THAT'S WHAT IT IS, OLD GUMSHOE MAGUIRE!

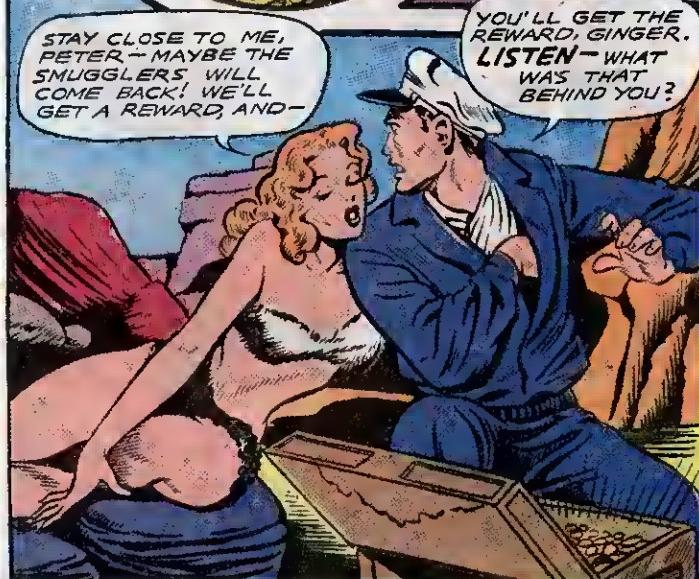
PETER! PETER, DARLING—COME QUICK! SMUGGLERS' LOOT—IN THE CAVE HERE!



STAY CLOSE TO ME, PETER—MAYBE THE SMUGGLERS WILL COME BACK! WELL GET A REWARD, AND—

YOU'LL GET THE REWARD, GINGER. LISTEN—WHAT WAS THAT BEHIND YOU?

I DON'T SEE ANYBODY!, PETER! I—I—OOH!



WHILE...

THAT DIZZY DAME MUSTA
GOTTEN HERSELF LOST—
C'MON, TIM, WE GOTTA FIND
'ER! SAY—WHAT'S ON YOUR
SO-CALLED MINO NOW?

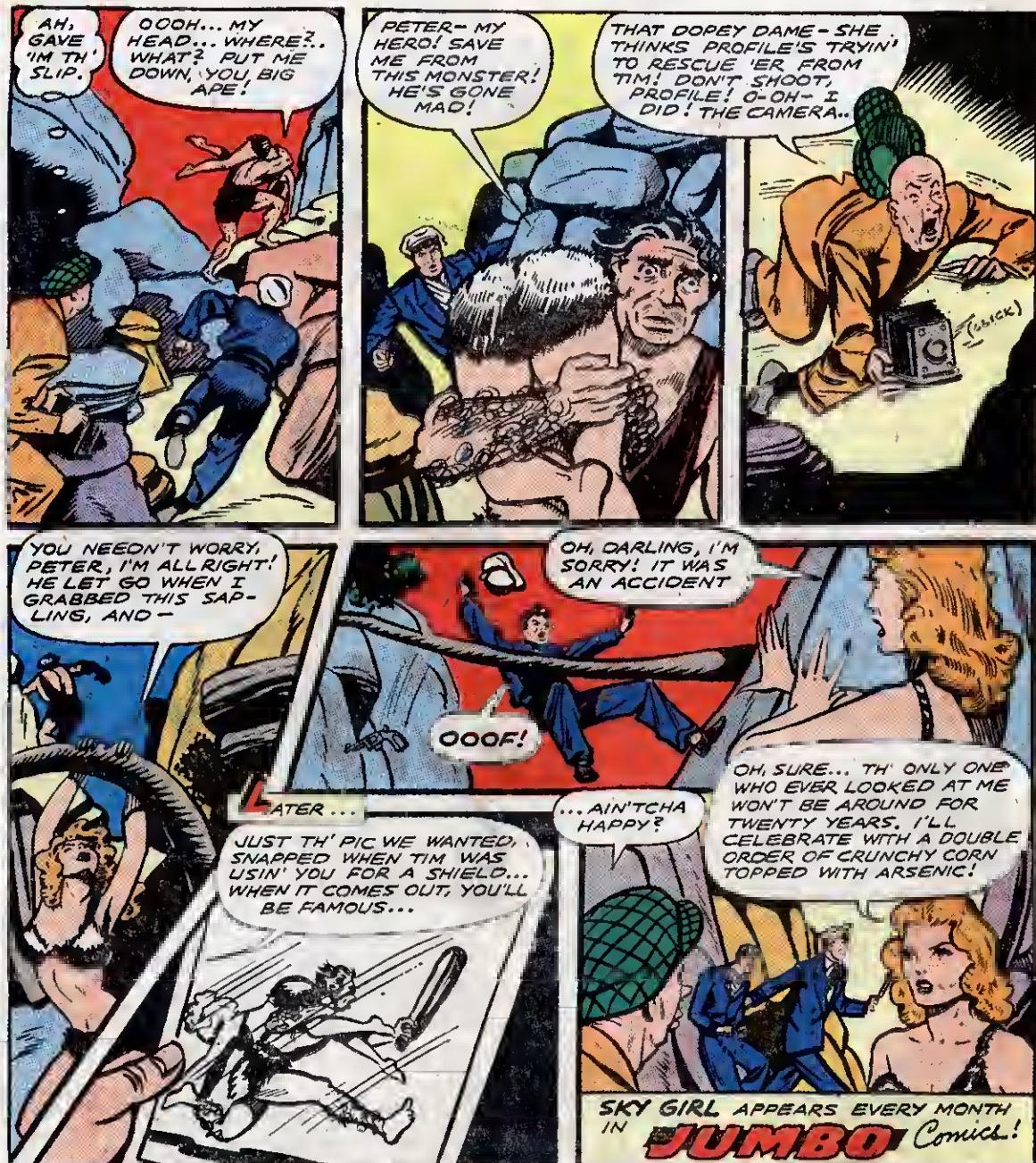
WHAT! YOU'RE SCAREO OF
THIS PLACE 'CAUSE OF
BUGS AN' THINGS? DON'T
BE A SISSY, YOU SISSY!
C'MON!

SHE SAID SHE WAS
GONNA CHANGE IN
THIS CAVE! SAY—
LOOKIT! TH' PILOT,
PROFILE, AN'
LISSEN!



WAIT'LL WE GET TH' PIC,
PROFILE! GET TH' BABE,
TIM—QUICK! CAN'T LET
ANYTHING HAPPEN TO
HER!

HOLY SMOKES, AT LAST
TH' CAVEMAN'S SHOWIN'
SOME SPUNK! BUT HEY—
WRONG AGAIN! TH' BIG
LUG'S USIN'ER FOR A
SHIELD! I BETTER
DUCK!



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and your name and address.

CORNERED

By HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

ON the 9th of September, 1814, the American privateer *General Armstrong* sailed from New York. She was a smart little brig, carrying seven guns and about one hundred men, commanded by Captain Samuel Chester Reid, who had served in Truxton's West India squadron, and who had made her famous as perhaps the fastest, most dashing privateer afloat.

After a couple of weeks' cruise (in which a few vessels had been boarded, a British ship of the line eluded, and a big brig skirmished with) Captain Reid put into harbor at Fayal on the 26th to replenish his stock of water.

He called on the American consul and arranged to have his water sent off immediately, as he intended to put to sea again next morning.

Having finished his business, he returned to his vessel, the consul accompanying him. Reid tried to get some information about the British cruisers in that neighborhood, but the consul assured him that none had touched Fayal for several weeks.

They sat on deck talking. The captain kept a seaman's eye open in spite of the conversation; toward dusk he suddenly gave an exclamation. All the party looked up. Rounding the northeast point was a British brig, already within gunshot. In a few moments she was identified as the *Carnation*, of eighteen guns.

This was more than double the *General Armstrong*'s strength, and Reid's first thought was to get under way immediately. The enemy had a breeze, however, while there was hardly any wind farther in; it looked as if it were impossible to get to sea without fighting against odds and at a disadvantage.

"Will they respect the neutrality of the port?" he asked the consul. (Fayal, of course, was Portuguese territory.)

The latter reassured him on this point. "They'll never molest you while at anchor," said he.

Captain Red, however, kept a sharp watch on the approaching brig. He saw the pilot-boat board her, and saw that as soon as her captain learned who the stranger was, he hauled her close in and dropped anchor within pistol-shot of the American.

This was too close for comfort, but Captain Reid could do nothing save wait for events. His feelings may be imagined, however, when he looked up, just as the *Carnation* had swung into position, and saw two more British war-ships standing in to the harbor. One was a seventy-four-gun ship of the line, the *Plantagenet*; the other the frigate *Rota*, of forty-four guns. The three formed a squadron on its way to assist in the attack on New Orleans.

Its one hundred and thirty-six guns and two thousand men made the *General Armstrong*'s crew feel somewhat lonely.

Nor did the neutrality of Fayal seem too much of a safeguard as they observed the signals between the *Carnation* and the flagship, and the activity that followed.

The full moon had just risen, and by its brilliant light the English brig could be plainly seen launching several boats.

Reid cleared for action, hoisted his anchor, and with long oars swept his vessel in nearer the shore.

At once the *Carnation* cut her cable, made sail, and despatched four boats in pursuit.

It was now about eight o'clock. Seeing the small boats coming, the American dropped anchor, set springs on his cable (so he could swing his broadside in any direction), and got ready for whatever might develop.

The boats drew near. Captain Reid hailed them repeatedly. There was no reply but they came on faster than ever. The former had no intention, however, of being gobbled up in this simple fashion. There were guns enough in the squadron, several times over, to blow the little privateer out of the water. But the

cool impudence of this assault aroused him. There were about as many men in the four boats as the *Armstrong* had altogether, and he could see they were well armed.

As they swung up alongside, he opened fire. The boats returned the compliment briskly. They had found more than they bargained for, however, and after a short skirmish they raised a cry for quarter, hauled off, and returned to the *Carnation*, having lost about twenty killed and wounded. One man was killed and the first lieutenant wounded on the *Armstrong*.

It was quite clear that this was only "the beginning of the overture." The *Armstrong* was hauled close inshore, within a half pistol-shot of the Portuguese castle; here she was moored head and stern, while everything was made ready to give the warmest possible reception to the enemy.

It was a dramatic scene. One little vessel anchored immovably there under the brilliant moon, its "back to the wall," so to speak, against a squadron; officers and men preparing feverishly for the attack they knew must follow; and all about the shore the inhabitants of the town, including the Governor, watching for the event like spectators at a circus:

About nine o'clock the *Carnation* towed in a large fleet of boats. These were stationed in three divisions, about a musket-shot away, the brig co-operating to cut off any attempt at escape.

Reid had no thought of escape. The whole affair was desperate to absurdity, but he had made up his mind not to abandon his vessel till he had given his foe some definite reasons for respecting the flag he flew.

For three hours his men stood at quarters. Then, about midnight, a dozen boats approached in line. They were loaded with about forty men each and had carronades aboard.

When they were close enough, the American gave them a broadside, which was answered warmly. The discharge from the *Armstrong's* forty-two-pounder Long Tom somewhat disconcerted the cutting-out party; but

they were true, gallant British tars: giving three cheers, they dashed forward most spiritfully.

In a moment they were at the bow and starboard quarter.

"Board!" cried the officers. "And no quarter," was the added command, according to spectators on shore.

There was no more to be done with cannon. As the boarding-parties swarmed up to the rail, the crew attacked with swords, pikes, pistols, and muskets. There was fierce hand-to-hand struggle—stab and slash and chop and fire with whatever came handiest. The darky cook "did his bit" by dashing kettles of boiling water into the faces of the boarders. The British force was, as stated, nearly five times that on board the brig, and urged on by their officers, they made one effort after another to gain the vessel's deck—only to be beaten back with heavy loss.

After about twenty minutes of savage fighting, Captain Reid at the stern received word that his second lieutenant was killed forward. Shortly afterward the third lieutenant was badly wounded.

Noticing that the fire from the forecastle had slackened in consequence, he urged his lads in the after division to fresh efforts. The boats were beaten off from the quarters; and rallying the whole detachment, the captain led them forward with a shout to the conflict at the bow.

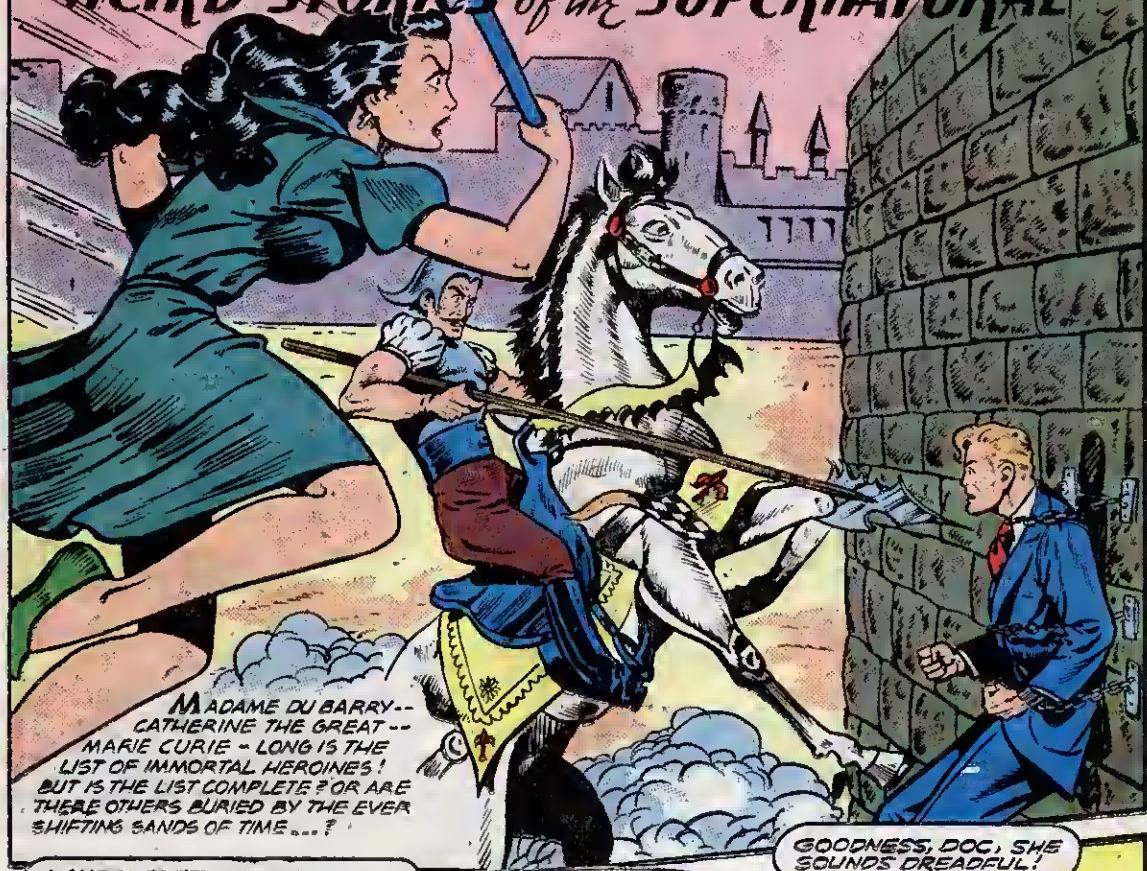
In ten minutes more all was over. Two of the captured boats were "loaded with their own dead"; in another, all were killed but four men; three were sunk; only one wounded officer survived from a boat that had held fifty. In a word, the squadron had lost over two hundred and fifty of its best officers and men, killed or wounded, Captain Floyd being among the latter. The privateer had two killed and seven wounded.

An Englishman who witnessed this attack from the shore wrote home a description of it, winding up: "We may well say 'God deliver us from our enemies' if this is the way the Americans fight."

Stuart TAYLOR

BY CURT DAVIS

WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL



-LAURA, ISN'T THAT A STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC?

YES IT IS, STU! SHE CERTAINLY MUST HAVE BEEN A COURAGEOUS GIRL!



YOU KNOW, THERE WAS ANOTHER COURAGEOUS FRENCH GIRL WHO WE'VE ALMOST FORGOTTEN. HAVE EITHER OF YOU EVER HEARD OF "HATCHET" JEANNE?



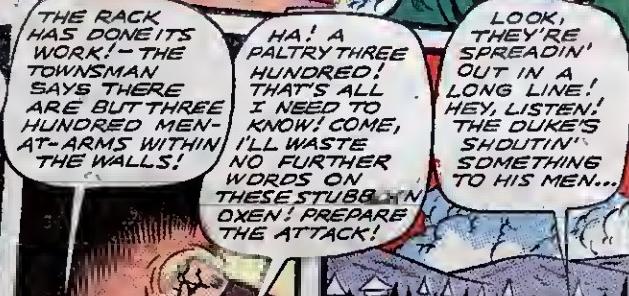
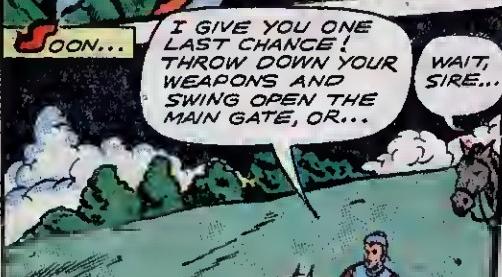
GOODNESS, DOC, SHE SOUNDS DREADFUL!

DREADFUL, EH? WHY DON'T WE SET THE TIME MACHINE BACK TO 1472 AND HAVE A LOOK AT HER? I'M INTERESTED TO KNOW IF STU WILL AGREE WITH YOU...





A S...





WHILE ON THE RAMPART NEARBY...

I TELL YOU THIS IS HOPELESS! - WE DRIVE OFF THE FIRST WAVE AND BEFORE WE CAN CATCH OUR BREATH, THE SECOND WAVE IS GALLOPING AT US!

AYE, JEAN, YOU ARE RIGHT...

IT IS HOPELESS, INDEED! WE MUST SWING OPEN THE MAIN GATE AND SURRENDER BEAUVAIS TO THE DUKE!

HEY, YOU GUYS! C'MON, BACK UP HERE! THIS IS NO TIME TO QUIT! LET'S SHOW THIS DUKE HE'S NOT TH' BOSS!

WHILE BELOW...

HERE, SOLDIER! - HAND THAT BANNER TO YOUR DUKE! - I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLANT IT ON THE HIGHEST RAMPART!

BUT, SIRE,
IT IS
DANGER-
OUS...

BAH! WHAT CARE I FOR DANGER! ONE DOES NOT WIN HIGH STAKES BY PLAYING THE MOUSE! - FOLLOW ME!

THERE! - 'TIS DONE!
NOW LISTEN TO ME,
CITIZENS OF BEAUVAIS!

- YOU ARE MY PRISONERS!
BEAUVAIS NO LONGER BELONGS TO "GOOD" KING LOUIS! - IT NOW BELONGS TO CHARLES THE BOLD, DUKE OF BURGUNDY!

C'MON, JEANNIE,
IT'S UP TO YOU TO
STOP THIS BLOW-
HARD! IF YOU ACT
QUICK, YOU'LL
SHAME YOUR
TOWNSMEN INTO
GETTING BACK
INTO THE SCRAP!

SO! - WE ARE
YOUR PRISON-
ERS! THIS WILL
SHOW YOU WHAT
WE THINK OF
OUR NEW
MASTER!

-AND HERE! SINCE
YOU ARE LEAVING,
"BLOODY" DUKE —
YOU'D BEST TAKE
YOUR BANNER WITH
YOU!

CITIZENS OF BEAUVAIIS!
MOUNT THE RAMPARTS!
WE MUST SHOW OUR
ENEMIES WHAT THREE
HUNDRED BRAVE MEN
CAN ACCOMPLISH!

JEANNE'S GALLANT
WORDS ARE FOLLOWED
BY A HAIL OF DEADLY
MISSILES WHICH THROW
THE DUKE'S LEGION
INTO TERRIFIED
RETREAT...

LOOK AT 'EM RUN!
JEANNIE SURE SAVED
THE DAY FOR
BEAUVAIIS!

SHE CERTAINLY
DID! — BUT, DOC,
I'M CURIOUS TO
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO
JEANNIE AND
HER LOVER,
PIOLON.

WE HAVEN'T
TIME TO WAIT
AND SEE! BUT
A MONTH AFTER
THE SIEGE, GOOD
KING LOUIS
MARRIED THEM
HIMSELF AND
GAVE THEM
CARTLOADS
OF EXPENSIVE
GIFTS!

THEY CERTAINLY
DESERVED IT FOR
KEEPING THE CITY
FROM THE "BLOODY"
DUKE!

ZOOM
STUART TAYLOR IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
JUMBO Comics!

THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW MURDOCH



WHO WOULD
TO STARE INTO THAT
MANIACAL FACE? WHO
WOULD NEXT FEEL
STRANGLER HARRY'S
FINGERS LOCK THEIR
THROAT AND GASP THEIR
SMOTHERED MERCY PLEAS
BEFORE THAT ALL FINAL
DEATH-GURGLE CAME?
SUCH WAS THE THOUGHT
THAT CHILLED MY BLOOD
AS I DROVE ON THROUGH
THE STORMY NIGHT,
LISTENING...

STRANGLER HARRY
HAS CLAIMED TWO
MORE VICTIMS! THE
MURDERING MAD-
MAN, WHO HAS
TERRORIZED THE
COMMUNITY...

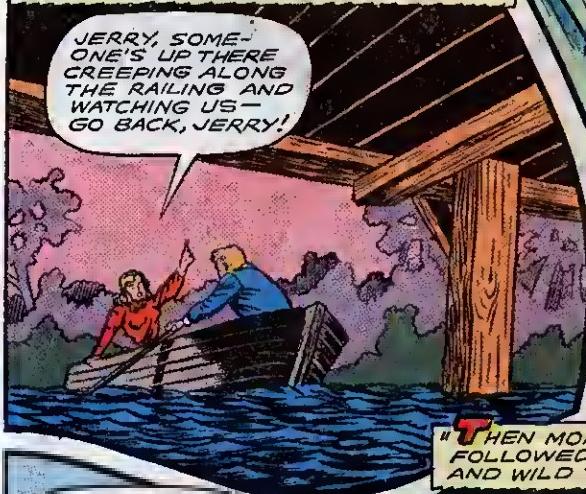
... DURING THE PAST
MONTH, CREEP FROM
HIS HIDING PLACE AND
WITH BESTIAL CUNNING
STRUCK AND FLEO.
THE POLICE ADMIT...



7
... THEY HAVE NO CLUE AS TO HIS
IDENTITY AND WARN EVERYBODY
NOT TO VENTURE OUT ALONE. THE
FIRST VICTIM TODAY WAS MARY
ANDERSON. SHE WAS BOATING IN
THE PARK WITH JERRY WEISS, WHEN...

JERRY, SOME-
ONE'S UP THERE
CREEPING ALONG
THE RAILING AND
WATCHING US—
GO BACK, JERRY!

HE'S JUMPING
DOWN! LOOK
OUT, JERRY—
LOOK OUT!



THEN MORE PITEOUS SCREAMS—
FOLLOWED BY A SUDDEN SPLASH
AND WILD TRIUMPHANT BABBLINGS...



HELP! HELP!
IT'S STRANGLER
HARRY—HELP!



MOMENTS
LATER A
CRAB-LIKE
FORM
SCRAMBLED
UP THE
RIVER BANK
AND DIS-
APPEARED.
LATER IN
THE DAY,
SUSAN DRAKE
WAS SITTING
IN THE
PARK. HER
ESCORT
HAD GONE
TO BUY SOME
REFRESH-
MENTS,
WHEN...



HERE, JOHNNY, YOU
FORGOT YOUR
CIGARETTES. DID
YOU GET THE POP-
CORN? JOHNNY!

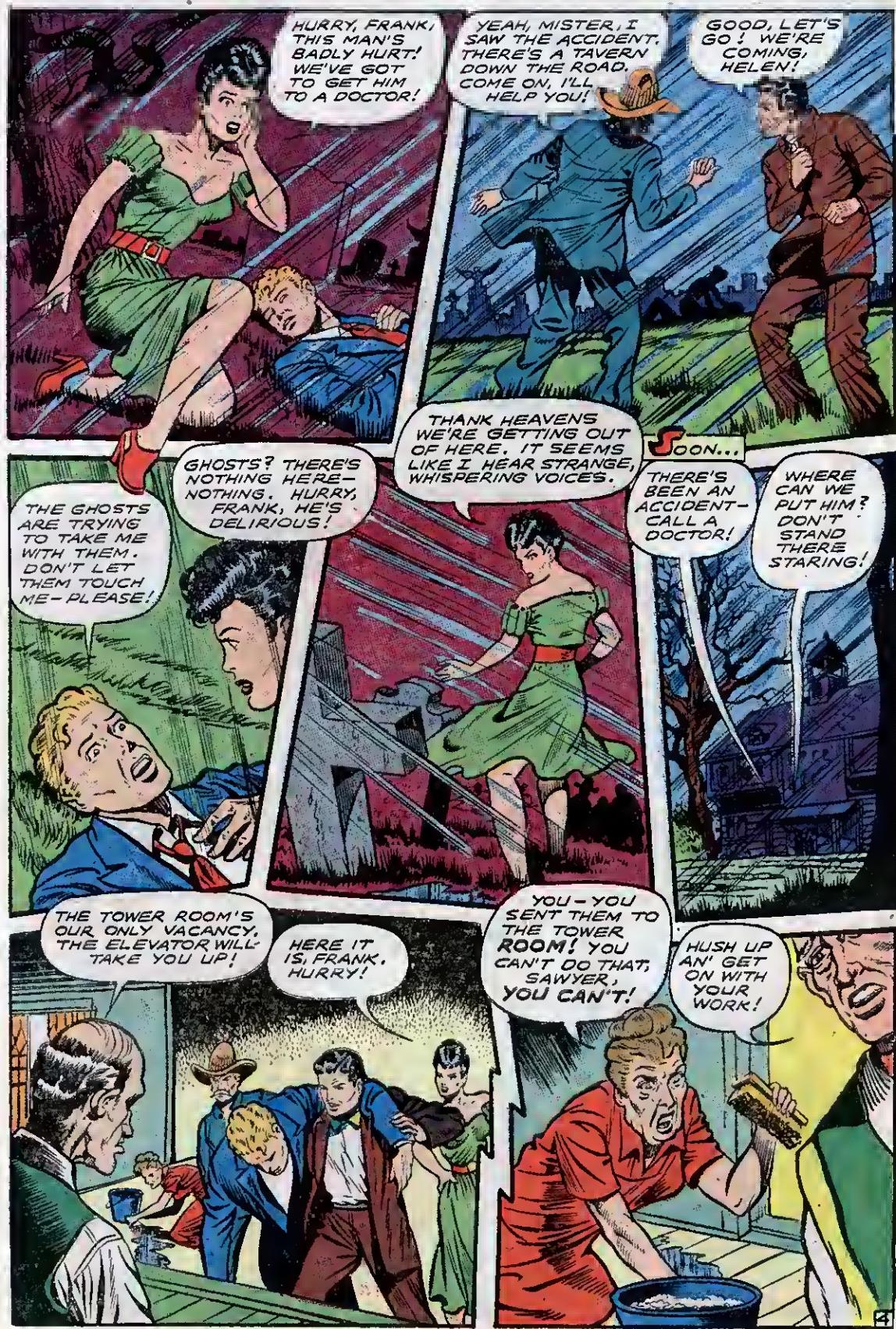
GO AWAY—LEAVE
ME ALONE! YOU'RE
STRANGLER
HARRY—OHHH!



HER NECK WAS
BROKEN WHEN
THEY FOUND HER,
AND AGAIN THE
KILLER HAD LEFT
NO CLUE AS TO HIS
IDENTITY.

GRUESOME
MESS—WISH I
COULD MEET UP
WITH THAT DEVIL.
THE STORM'S
GETTING HEAVIER—
CAN'T SEE THE
ROAD!





S

SECONDS LATER...

THAT'S IT - THAT'S THE TOWER ROOM.
THE DOOR'S UN-LOCKED.

WAIT FER
ME. I'LL
GO DOWN
WITH YOU.

THAT FELLA SURE IS
BANGED UP, SAY,
WHATCHA MUMBLING
ABOUT ANYWAY?

THE LAST ONES WHO
TOOK THAT ROOM
DIDN'T COME OUT
ALIVE. IT'S CURSED -
YES, CURSED WITH A
MURDERER'S
BLOOD!

A'S...

HE'S ASLEEP,
FRANK. I HOPE
THE CLERK
LOCATES A
DOCTOR!

DON'T
WORRY,
HE WILL.
WHY,
HELEN,
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

FRANK, THERE'S
SOMETHING
STRANGE ABOUT
THIS ROOM. WE
CAN'T STAY HERE,
FRANK!

OH, WHAT
ARE WE
GOING
TO DO?

CALM YOUR-
SELF, HELEN.
IT'S JUST YOUR
NERVES. AH,
THERE'S A
PHONE!

I'LL GET A GARAGE TO
FIX UP OUR CAR. WE'LL
BE ON OUR WAY IN THE
MORNIN'. WHY - WHAT'S
THAT?

A SHADOW ON
THE WALL - IT'S
A HAND! A
BLEEDING
HAND!

"**T**HAT'S A FACE
TAKING SHAPE IN IT!"





YOU WON'T GET ME—
I'LL SMASH YOU ALL.
RUN, HELEN, RUN!

FRANK—
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

STOP IT, FRANK,
THERE'S NOTHING
HERE. STOP IT!

I KNOW YOU ALL—
YOU'RE TRYING TO
TAKE FRANK AWAY
AND START IT ALL
OVER AGAIN—BUT
YOU WON'T!

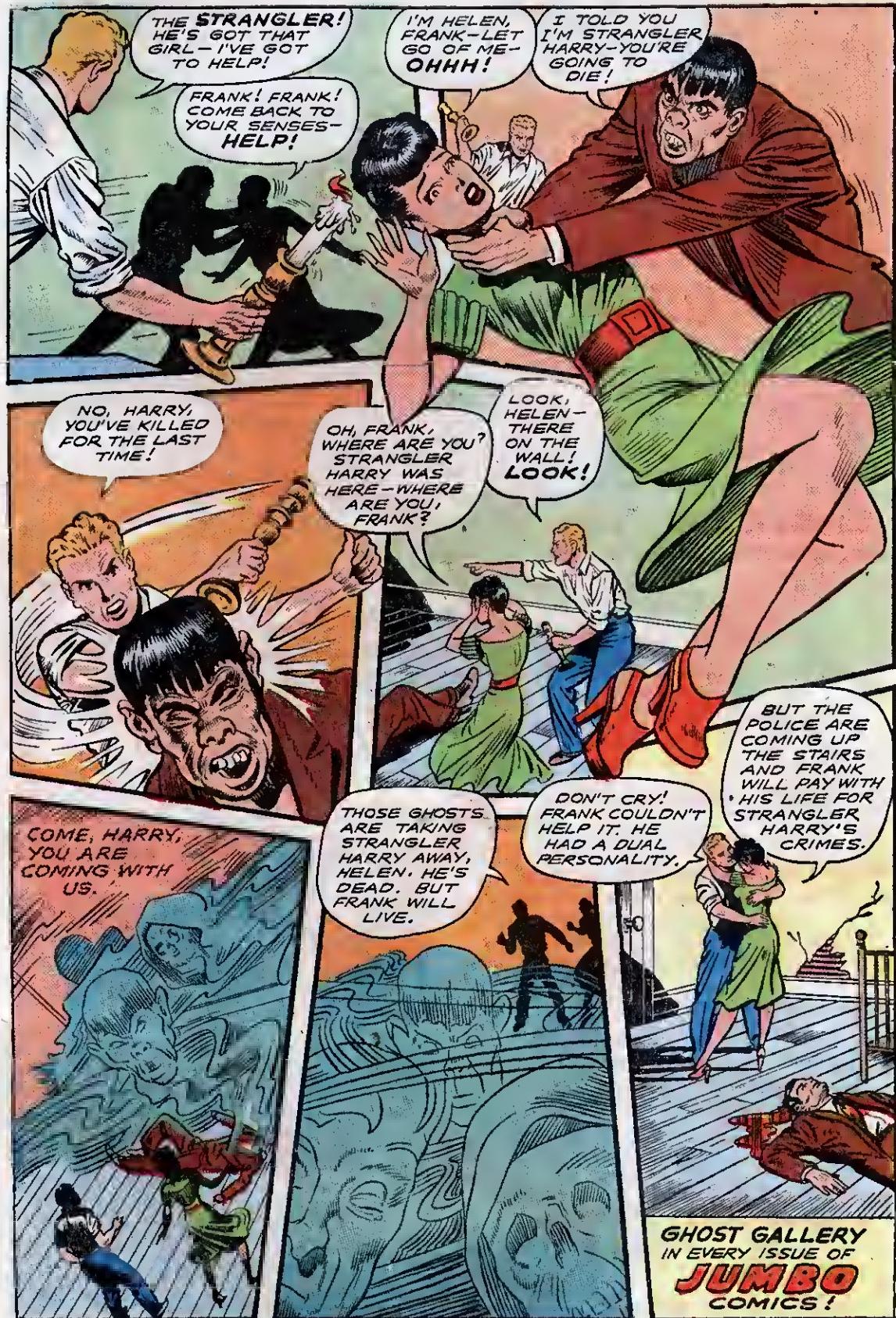
AS BELOW...
THOSE SCREAMS
ARE COMING FROM
THE TOWER ROOM.

IT'S
MURDER—
CALL THE
POLICE!

THE TAVERN,
OFFICER—SOMETHING
HORRIBLE
GOING ON IN THE
TOWER ROOM—
HURRY!

YOU'VE GOT FRANK—
AND I'M STRANGLER
HARRY AGAIN—I'VE
GOT TO KILL!

AND YOU'RE THE
ONE, HELEN—YES—
YOU—YOU!



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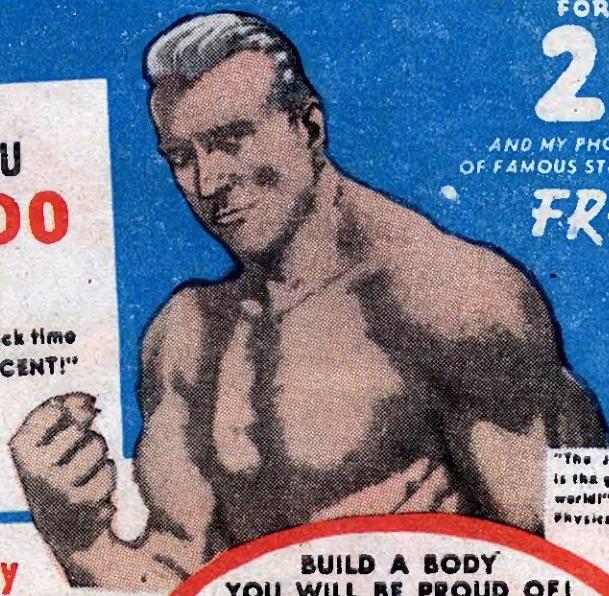
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ods!" Look
at this chest
—then consider
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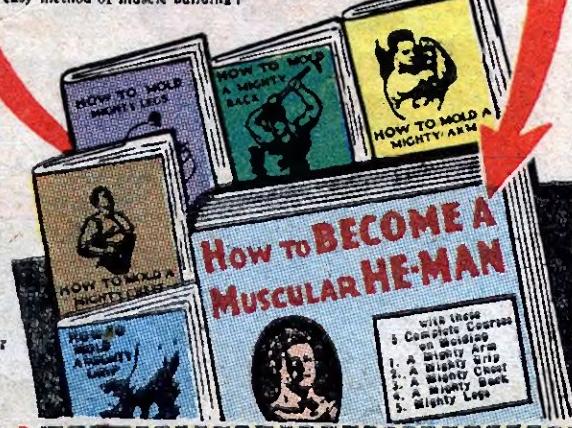
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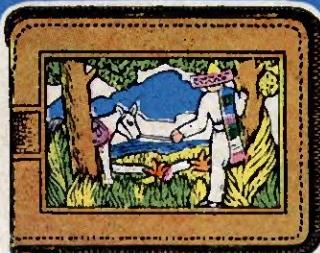
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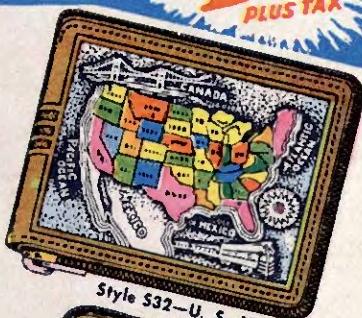
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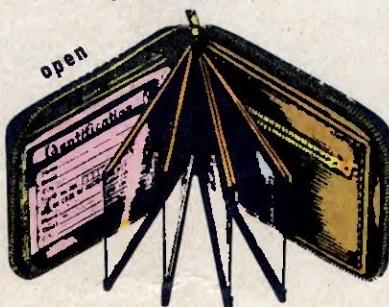
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Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sighting Scene



Style 520—Hula Girl

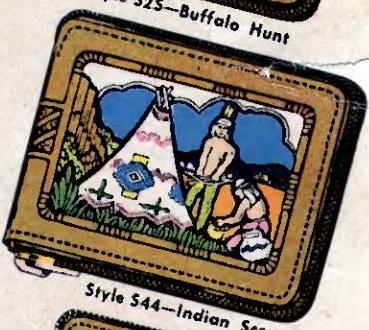


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